# Just Come Find Me by BlackStar3991

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"Last night, Billy was hurt and sad and angry, yet willing to reluctantly accept some degree of comfort. What if today he regrets it?"

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Steve found a broken Billy and patched him up. What now?

(Sequel to part 2 of this series)

# Just Come Find Me

**Author's Note:**

> Welp. So this was supposed to be a 600 words interlude, lol
>
> I don't know if anyone is actually following this series, but I intended to post the next part much sooner and life kinda got in the way. A proper fic will come in the next few days.

Steve wakes up with the sun shining on his face and feeling warmer than usual. As he moves to scratch his nose, he feels the weight of another body next to him on the bed and last night's events come to him at once. His hand is still loosely holding Billy's, who is lying on his side with his head almost touching Steve's shoulder.

In his sleep, Steve thinks, Billy looks so... vulnerable. But not in that awful way he did last night, it's a different kind of vulnerable – just peaceful. All those cuts and bruises look so wrong and out of place in this calm scenario, Steve's heart clenches. He catches himself wishing he could brush his fingers on Billy's face again, which makes him frown at himself and look away for a few seconds.

But turning back to watch Billy sleep, Steve wonders what will happen now. Last night was sudden and honestly kinda weird – and it was also comfortable. The things that happen in the quiet privacy of the night seem to have an unreal quality to them. But then the morning came, bringing back a sense of reality that usually made things awkward. Last night, Billy was hurt and sad and angry, yet willing to reluctantly accept some degree of comfort. What if today he regrets it? The thought makes Steve feel a pang of what he doesn't want to call hurt.

Billy's breath seems to change a bit and he starts to move as he's waking up. Steve doesn't know what to do, so he just closes his eyes and pretends to be asleep. "Sure, play dead. Real brave." he thinks to himself. He feels the body beside him stirring and then stopping on his tracks, getting tensed up. The hand that's still wrapped around

Steve's gives a light squeeze and lets go. He feels the mattress dipping as Billy moves to sit up and slip out of bed. Seizing the opportunity to act like he is just waking, Steve stretches his arms and sleepily says:

"Hm, morning."

"Morning", Billy answers without looking back from where he is, already picking up his own blood-smeared clothes that are neatly folded on a chair.

"Hm. Gotta pee, be right back", says Steve getting up as well.

He kinda has to go, but the reason he said that was mostly because he could feel the awkwardness starting to grow, and he didn't like it. Steve hopes that, by giving Billy some time to gather himself, they could be at ease with each other. So, after leaving the bathroom, Steve heads towards the stairs and calls back to Billy:

"Hey, I'm going to the kitchen, ok? Come down when you're ready!"

"Yeah, ok."

Steve pours two glasses of orange juice and is still rummaging through the cabinets to get them some food when Billy comes in. He looks more like himself and is back on his clothes, but still wearing Steve's hoodie. Yesterday he didn't have any jacket on (Steve didn't dare ask whether that was on purpose or he just ran out without thinking) and now it's still kinda cold, so it makes sense – but Steve can't help feeling... something at the sight.

"So, hum. I gotta head back." Billy says in a conversational tone, as if they were just hanging out over beers.

"Already? I was getting us some food, you should eat something."

Billy looks at him with annoyance and seems about to refuse the offer, so Steve interrupts.

"Come on, at least drink the juice, I've already poured it." he speaks in the same conversational tone, correctly assuming that Billy would take his concern for pity and not respond very well.

The corners of Steve's lips turn slightly up as Billy rolls his eyes with a grunt and walks to the table. Steve considers getting some food anyway, but decides against it – he's on thin ice here, and doesn't want to push his luck. Still, leaning on the counter, Steve cleans his throat and risks asking:

"So... how's the..." and gestures his head towards Billy's bruised torso, trying to keep cool as if he was asking about some basketball related injury.

"It's fine, princess. I've had worse."

Steve doesn't like that answer one bit. In fact, he hates it. So he just hums in response, telling himself that it could be worse. Finishing his drink, Billy puts the glass back on the table and steps back.

"Well. See ya."

He notices Steve stepping forward about to protest, so he holds up a hand and sighs.

"Look, pretty boy, it's fine. I mean it. But it's Saturday and Neil sleeps in, so I gotta sneak back inside before he wakes up. Ok?" He explains slightly annoyed, but not actually angry. "I just gotta run to get there soon."

"No way, you dumbass!" Steve shoots back as Billy is turning around. The boy looks at him with an eyebrow raised and Steve continues "At least let me give you a ride. You're not gonna fucking run all the way back."

"Are you crazy? If your car wakes him up, I'm fucked."

"I'll leave you on the corner, then, and you walk just up the street."

Billy looks at him for a second and sighs exasperated.

"Fine! Whatever. Just hurry, then."

Steve just hurriedly puts on some sneakers, before Billy decided to run the fuck off, and grabs his car keys.

“Alright, let’s go” Steve calls while walking to where Billy was waiting by the front door.

Billy makes a move to go, but stops and Steve almost bumps into him.

“Oh, yeah” Billy murmurs, starting to take off the borrowed hoodie that only now he seems to remember he’s still wearing.

With a hand on Billy’s forearm, Steve interrupts the movement.

“No, keep it on” he says just a bit too fast. “I mean, it’s still cold. You can give it back some other time.”

Blue eyes stare right back at Steve, and he notices how close they are standing. He also notices his hand is still on the other’s arm.

“Ok. Thanks” Billy says on a low voice.

“Sure.” Steve cleans his throat and looks down, taking his hand away.

The ride back to Billy’s is a quiet one again, both still rather tired from the previous night. Billy keeps biting his nails and looking out of the passenger window – this is clearly the last place he wishes to go. With a heavy sigh, Steve parks around the corner as agreed, but both boys remain silently staring ahead for a few moments. As Billy reluctantly moves to open the door, Steve stops him:

“Billy” he wraps a gentle but firm hand around the boy’s left wrist, to make sure he waits.

The other turns to face him, staring with an unreadable expression. Steve is not sure how to say what’s on his mind, so he just goes for it.

“Hum. Next time… I mean, if there is a next time” To that, Billy huffs out a mirthless laugh, and Steve beats himself mentally. Of course there will be a next time. “Sorry, I don’t… I mean, just don’t do that, ok?” Steve feel like he should have rehearsed that.

“What?” Billy asked with a confused frown.

“I mean… Next time something like this happens… Come to me, ok?

Don't run off on your own, hurt and in the cold. Just... Come find me. Any time, any place. Ok?"

Billy isn't quite frowning anymore, but the confusion is still there. Or maybe not confusion, but something closer to disbelief. He looks at Steve for a few more seconds and averts his eyes, glancing back to the window.

"I don't need any fucking charity, Harrington. Don't go fucking pitying me."

"Screw this, you know it's not pity. Hey, look at me."

He doesn't turn, and Steve can see his jaw clenching and then relaxing.

"Hey. Please?" Steve asks quietly, with a soft squeeze to Billy's wrist. He moves forward a bit, to see if the boy will look at him. "Billy?"

With his shoulders slumping a bit, Billy finally turns back to Steve. Finding actual concern in his eyes, instead of pity or disgust, seem to make a great deal to him. Steve can see different emotions passing through Billy's eyes, until he releases a heavy sigh and nods.

"Fine, ok."

"Yeah?" Steve asks with more relief than he wanted to show

Billy huffs out another quick laugh, this time sort of amused, as he looks at Steve with a rather puzzled face.

"Yeah, princess. Next time I'll go to you or whatever."

Steve nods with a small smile and lets go of Billy's wrist. He remains in the car and watches as the boy walks up to the house, and waits a few minutes more. Only when everything continues silent, is Steve convinced that no trouble waited for Billy there – not today, at least – and drives away.

Billy takes his shoes off and silently sneaks back inside and up to his room. Looking out the window at an angle, he can see Steve's car waiting. Billy feels something warm in his chest –and this time it's

not the bruise. He’s still not 100% sure he’ll have the balls to go find Steve next time it happens, but he sure hopes he does. Still exhausted, Billy crawls into his own bed. If he doesn’t take off the hoodie for the whole day, who’s to know, right?

**Author's Note:**

I hope you guys liked it!

As always, feedback is more than welcome <3